

26.15

THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE ONE : *Third draft*
4th

Characters

THE DOCTOR
ACE
THE RINGMASTER
BELLBOY
FLOWERCHILD
THE STALLSLADY
THE CHIEF CLOWN
NORD
CAPTAIN COOK
MAGS
THE METAL CONDUCTOR.
THE WHIZZKID
MORGANA
THE HEAD OF A LARGE ROBOT

CLOWNS.

Sets

INTERIOR:
The Tardis
The Circus Ring
The Circus Vestibule
EXTERIOR:
The Circus Site
The Hippy Site
Clearing
Road-side Stalls
Country Roads and Woods.
The Landing Base.

LOSE TARDIS
REPAIR
SCENE
(SPONS)

BANBIE =

BODGE =

KNIFE !!!

EPISODE ONE

1. INT. THE CIRCUS.

THE RINGMASTER STANDS ISOLATED IN A SPOT IN THE CENTRE OF THE RING. HE IS A BLACK JOE COOL IN BRIGHT ULTRA-HIP CLOTHES.

HE STARTS TO CLICK HIS FINGERS.

PERCUSSION ESTABLISHES A STEADY BUT FAIRLY RELAXED BEAT.

HE THEN SPEAKS RHYTHMICALLY TO IT IN A PSEUDO-RAPPING STYLE.

We're

RINGMASTER: Now welcome, folks, and I'm sure you'd like to know

~~that~~ at the start of one big circus show.

There are acts that are cool and acts that will amaze

Acts that are plain scary and acts that will simply daze

Acts of all sorts that will make you all agree

It's the Greatest Show in the Galaxy.

WE MOVE CLOSER INTO THE RINGMASTER. THE EFFECT BECOMES MORE MANIC AND CREEPY.

There's lots of surprises for all the family

In the Greatest Show in the Galaxy.

So many strange surprises I'm prepared to bet

Whatever you've seen before -

PAUSE. SPOKEN, CLOSE INTO CAMERA:

You ain't seen nothing yet.

(2)

2. EXT. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT)

A SMALL SPECK APPEARS IN A DARK EMPTY SKY.

A FAINT DISTORTED BLEEPING NOISE.

THE SPECK GROWS LARGER AS IT COMES NEARER TO CAMERA.

WE SEE IT IS A DOUBLE-SPHERED SATELLITE WITH A LARGER ROUND BODY AND SMALLER ROUND HEAD.

3. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

A SECTION OF THE CONTROL PANEL HAS BEEN REMOVED.

THE DOCTOR IS DOING SOME REPAIRS WITH ACE AS HIS ASSISTANT.

ACE: Course the whole thing could do with an overhaul if you ask me, Professor.

DOCTOR: (SLIGHTLY PEEVED) Can we just concentrate on the job in hand ?

ACE: I mean, why does the Tardis always look like a -

DOCTOR: Ace, please, this is the crucial stage. (PAUSE) Now, will you please connect the yellow-green milligrave TY socket with the blue-grey multigrave WX outlet.

ACE: (SPEAKING AS SHE DOES IT) The yellow-green milligrave TY socket with the blue-grey multigrave -

DOCTOR: No, no, I made a mistake. It was you arguing that did it. What I meant to say was -

ACE: Well, I've done it now.

THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS HEAD IN MOCK DESPAIR.

ACE: I don't know why you're looking at me like that, Professor. I did exactly what you told me.

4. EXT. SPACE. (AS IN 2)

THE SATELLITE IS COMING CLOSER TO THE CAMERA.

THE BLEEPING CONTINUES TO GROW LOUDER.

THE TARDIS NOW COMES INTO VIEW.

BRICFLY

AS THEY NEAR EACH OTHER, TWO RED EYE-LIKE LIGHTS | LIGHT UP ON
THE 'HEAD' OF THE SATELLITE AND FLASH EERILY.

~~THE SATELLITE IS NO LONGER THERE~~

THEY WINK OUT AGAIN.

5. INT. TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR IS JUST FINISHING SCREWING THE SECTION BACK IN.
HE HEAVES A SIGH.

DOCTOR: Well, don't blame me if we end up falling through a gap in time and getting stuck in a traffic jam in Perivale for all eternity.
ACE: And don't blame me either.
DOCTOR: Now, look here, Ace, I really think -

SUDDENLY A BLEEPING EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS' OBSERVATION SCREEN. THE DOCTOR AND ACE STOP AND STARE.

DOCTOR: Now you've done it.
ACE: (OUTRAGED) Me ?

THEY GO OVER TO THE SCREEN. THE METALLIC SATELLITE HAS APPEARED ON IT. THE NOISE ~~AVAILABLER~~ BECOMES LOUDER.

*From the Professor
From the screen*

ACE: Well, Professor ?
DOCTOR: Some fairly rudimentary adaltyurnal satellite I imagine. Nothing very remarkable. Apart from the noise.

THE NOISE BECOMES MORE INSISTENT. THE SATELLITE APPEARS NEARER.

ACE: Is it supposed to get that close ?
DOCTOR: No. But it won't penetrate the Tardis's defence system. Unless, of course -
ACE: (HOTLY) I haven't touched the defence system.
DOCTOR: Then any second now, the satellite should -

BUT THE SATELLITE SIMPLY GETS NEARER AND THE NOISE LOUDER AND LOUDER.

DOCTOR: (ALARMED FOR THE FIRST TIME) I don't understand it, it's penetrated the first line of the defence system.
ACE: There's a second ?
DOCTOR: Of course. And that will undoubtedly

THE SATELLITE NEARLY FILLS THE WHOLE SCREEN NOW AND THE NOISE IS DEAFENING. THE DOCTOR AND ACE PUTS HANDS OVER EARS.

ACE: (SHOUTING) Maybe we should have had a go at the defence systems, Professor.

DOCTOR: (SHOUTING BACK) Pardon ?

ACE: I said, maybe we should have -

THERE IS SUDDEN SILENCE. THE SCREEN GOES BLANK AGAIN.

6. EXT. SPACE.

THE SKY IS NOW EMPTY AND SILENT APART FROM THE TARDIS. AND OF COURSE THE STARS.

7. INT. TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF.

DOCTOR: Danger over.

BEHIND THEM IN AN UNEXPECTED CORNER OF THE TARDIS THE SATELLITE SILENTLY MATERIALISES AND LIES THERE EYES GLOWING, STEAMING ^{SLIGHTLY}. THE DOCTOR AND ACE CONTINUE TO STUDY THE CONTROL PANEL. THEN THE SATELLITE GIVES OUT A FAINT BLEEPING SOUND. AT FIRST THE DOCTOR ASSUMES IT'S COMING FROM THE CONTROL PANEL AND PUTS HIS EAR TO IT.

DOCTOR: What's that peculiar noise ?

ACE: What peculiar noise ? I don't hear any peculiar -

~~ITS EYES IMMEDIATELY GO BLANK.~~

ACE TURNS AND SEES THE SATELLITE. ~~IT LIES THERE WITH ITS RED EYES GLOWING~~, BEEPING AWAY.

DOCTOR: How extraordinary ! It's materialised inside the Tardis.

ACE: Is that unusual ?

DOCTOR: Almost without precedent.

HE PRODUCES A GEIGER COUNTER FROM HIS VOLUMINOUS POCKET AND RESTRAINTS ACE ~~WINDS/PAUSES~~ WHILE HE DOES A CHECK.

DOCTOR: (WITH SOME RELIEF) The radiation count is normal.

ACE: Ace !

SHE MOVES TOWARDS THE SATELLITE.

DOCTOR: Wait a moment, Ace. There are a couple more routine checks we must make.

HE PRODUCES A COUPLE MORE ODD-LOOKING MEASURING INSTRUMENTS FROM HIS POCKET. ACE IS IMMEDIATELY TAKEN WITH ONE OF THEM AND PICKS IT UP.

ACE: What's this one measure ?

DOCTOR: Good question.

ACE: And this one?

DOCTOR: This one measures the other one. But this one detects explosives.

ACE: Explosives?

DOCTOR: It might be some kind of bomb.

ACE: If it is, can I keep it?

DOCTOR: ^{No} Mind you, it looks pretty harmless to me. Just what you'd expect in this part of the galaxy.

WHILE THEY'VE BEEN BUSY WITH THE INSTRUMENTS, THE SATELLITE LEFT ON THE FLOOR HAS SPROUTED LEGS AND CREPT SPIDER-LIKE TOWARDS THE CONSOLE.

NOW JUST AS THE DOCTOR AND ACE TURNS, HOLDING A MEASURING INSTRUMENT APIECE, THE SATELLITE SHOOTS-OUT A SNAKE-LIKE WIRE AND PLUGS ITSELF INTO THE CONSOLE. THEY STARE.

ACE: Was that just as you'd expect too, Professor?

DOCTOR: Not entirely.

THE SCREEN SUDDENLY ERUPTS INTO LIFE. A PICTURE OF A CIRCUS TENT APPEARS ACCCOMPANIED BY A SOUPY SOUNDTRACK AND A VOICE (THAT OF THE CHIEF CLOWN):

VOICE: Yes, it's Festival Time at the Psychic Circus - the Greatest Show in the Galaxy. So why not come along and have the time of your life with the non-stop action of -

ACE: (IN DISMAY) Oh no, I don't believe it. Junk mail. ~~We~~ used to get mounds of the stuff through ^{the} letterbox. ~~now~~ And now ~~now~~ you're being bombarded with it inside the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Junk mail gets everywhere. ~~Somebody on Liaden's~~ working on doing it with ~~holograms~~. I believe

THEY WATCH THE SCREEN. THE TENT IS NOW SHOWN STANDING IN A BEAUTIFUL GREEN LANDSCAPE.

VOICE: There's big prizes too for the best new circus acts. No wonder travellers from all over the galaxy make their way to the planet Segonax for the Festival. Remember, whether you want to watch or whether you want to compete, there's a great time for you on the Planet Segonax. The Planet has an earthlike telluric atmosphere and, what is more, easy access via our special polyportable landing base...

WE SEE A GLAMOROUS IMAGE OF THE LANDSCAPE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN

8. EXT. LANDING BASE. DAY.

THE LANDING BASE IS A GLIMMERING EDGED SILVER DISC IN THE MIDDLE OF GLOOMY-LOOKING OPEN COUNTRYSIDE.

SUDDENLY NORD MATERIALISES IN THE MIDDLE OF IT SITTING ON A MOTORBIKE. NORD IS BIG AND BEEFY, HIS COSTUME A CROSS BETWEEN A HELL'S ANGEL AND A NORDIC SUPER-HERO. ON THE HANDLEBARS OF HIS BIKE ARE TWO HUGE ANIMAL HORNS. THE REST IS DECORATED WITH FUTURISTIC ~~HELL'S~~^{HELL'S} ANGEL TYPE INSIGNIAS.

HE LOOKS ROUND AT THE OPEN COUNTRYSIDE JUST BEYOND THE DISC.

WITH A LOOK OF SATISFACTION HE GETS OFF HIS BIKE AND PULLS OUT A HUGE AND DISGUSTING SANDWICH FROM INSIDE HIS JACKET.

HE TAKES A HUGE BITE FROM IT.

9. INT. TARDIS.

PULLS

ACE ~~HAS NEVER~~ PULLS THE SATELLITE'S WIRE OUT OF THE CONSOLE.

DOCTOR: I thought you'd have been interested in going to the circus, Ace.
 ACE: Nah. Kids' stuff. ~~My mom took me once at home. It was dead~~ ^{i went once. (it was naff and it was boring.)}

~~funny~~ Apart from the clowns, of course.

DOCTOR: You found them funny?

ACE: No, creepy.

DOCTOR: Well, I think you're being unfair. Many of the acts require a great deal of skill and courage. You should appreciate that. As a matter of fact, I quite fancy the Festival talent contest myself.

ACE: ~~You're joking. Leave it out.~~

DOCTOR: ~~Not at all. Haven't I ever shown you my little act?~~

ACE: ~~Oh no. Not the spoons again!~~

DOCTOR: ~~Certainly not. I've have something infinitely more interesting and ambitious in mind.~~

ACE: ~~Oh yeah? Well, if you ask me~~

SUDDENLY THE SATELLITE ON THE FLOOR RE-PLUGS ITSELF IN AND STARTS TO SPEAK AGAIN BEFORE SHE CAN.

VOICE: Scared?

ACE: What?

VOICE: Scared to come to the Psychic Circus?

ACE: No. Course not.

VOICE: Scared to take part?

ACE: No.

VOICE: Well, if you are, then go ahead, ignore me. I quite understand.

ACE: I don't believe it. Junk mail that talks back.

DOCTOR: (A TRIFLE SMUGLY) Shall we throw it away and forget about it? I'm sure the Psychic Circus isn't scary at all. It's just a teaser to get us to go.

(They all care for it in a jolly way)

ACE DELIBERATES FOR A MOMENT THEN STARES DOWN AT THE SATELLITE.

ACE: (SIGHING) OK, you win, junkbox. I'm not scared of anything.

10. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

A FIELD IN THE COUNTRY. A GLOOMY, SUBDUED FEEL TO THE LANDSCAPE AS IN (8.) FROM BEHIND A BUSH AT ONE EDGE TWO FIGURES APPEAR. THEY ARE DRESSED IN TATTERED ~~FUTURISTIC~~ HIPPY-STYLE GEAR. THE MALE, BELLBOY, IS MID-TWENTIES. HIS COMPANION, FLOWERCHILD, ^{THEY ARE CLEARLY FRIGHTENED OF SOMETHING.} SLIGHTLY YOUNGER. THEY LOOK AROUND NERVOUSLY THEN START TO RUN ACROSS THE FIELD. BELLBOY STUMBLES.

FLOWERCHILD COMES BACK TO HELP HIM.

HE STAYS SLUMPED ON THE GROUND FULL OF DESPAIR.

FLOWERCHILD: (KNEELING BY HIM) Come on. We can't give up now.

BELLBOY: (WEARILY) They'll catch us. I know it. And drag us back to the Circus.

FLOWERCHILD: Bellboy, please. You promised. You know, it's down to us now. We're the only ones left to fight.

BELLBOY: Yes, I know. But look !

HE POINTS UP INTO THE SKY. A COUPLE OF BRIGHTLY COLOURED KITES FLY THERE. THEY CARRY A DISTINCTIVE EYE-LIKE SYMBOL. BOTH STARE AT THEM IN HORROR.

W
BELLBOY: I told you. They aren't far behind.
FLOWERCHILD: All the more reason to hurry.
BELLBOY: I'm sorry.

B
BELLBOY
~~HE~~ MAKES AN EFFORT AND GETS TO HIS FEET ~~AND~~
~~BELLBOY~~ LOOKS UP WISTFULLY AT THE SKY.

BELLBOY: Your kites, your beautiful kites.

FLOWERCHILD: We mustn't think of that now. Come on.

AND THE TWO OF THEM START FURTIVELY AGAIN ACROSS THE FIELD. ABOVE THEM THE KITES FLUTTER.

11. EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

THE SAME STYLE OF GLOOMY LANDSCAPE.

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES ON THE SIDE OF A WINDING COUNTRY LANE.

A MOMENT LATER ACE AND THE DOCTOR STEP OUT OF IT.

THEY LOOK AROUND AT THE DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE.

DOCTOR: So this is Segonax. I've heard good reports of the friendliness of its natives.

ACE: I don't see this landing base, Professor.

DOCTOR: Oh, I expect that's for those not fortunate enough to possess a Tardis.

ACE GIVES HIM A SCEPTICAL LOOK.

ACE: So now where ?

THE DOCTOR POINTS AHEAD OF HIM UP THE LANE.

DOCTOR: We'll ask for directions over there.

A LITTLE WAY AHEAD A LARGE TRUCULENT-LOOKING LADY SITS BY THE ROADSIDE WITH HER STALL BESIDE HER. IT OFFERS FOR SALE ~~BARRELS~~
~~DISGUSTING~~
~~COLLECTED~~
~~FRUIT~~ AS WELL AS DRINKS AND SNACKS.

SHE WATCHES IMPASSIVELY AS THE DOCTOR AND ACE APPROACH.

DOCTOR: (RAISING HIS HAT) Good afternoon.

NO RESPONSE.

DOCTOR: My name is the Doctor and this is my friend, Ace.

PAUSE. THE LADY TAKES THEM IN.

STALLSLADY: What sort of costume do you call that ?

DOCTOR: I don't understand.

STALLSLADY: And hers is no better. We don't want your type round here.

DOCTOR: And what type might that be ?

STALLSLADY: Weirdos. You can tell them at a glance you know.

DOCTOR: I didn't actually.

ACE: (SOTTOVOCE) Friendly natives, eh, Professor ?

DOCTOR: Let us not be hasty.

STALLSLADY

HE TURNS A WINNING SMILE ON THE STALESLADY. SHE SCOWLS BACK.

DOCTOR: First impressions can be misleading.

ACE: Yeah.

THEY BOTH REGISTER THE DISGUSTING LOOKING FRUIT AND VEG.

ACE: Like with clowns ?

DOCTOR: Precisely.

12. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

A BLACK HEARSE-LIKE THIRTIES LIMOUSINE EMERGES FROM SOME WOODLAND.

THE CAR STOPS. OUT OF IT STEP A FIGURE DRESSED IN AN UNDERTAKER'S BLACK SUIT AND HAT. HE WEARS A MEDALLION ROUND HIS NECK BASED ON THE EYE-LIKE SYMBOL THAT DECORATES THE KITES.

BUT HIS FACE IS THAT OF A WHITE-FACED CLOWN, CRUEL AND IMPASSIVE. (HE IS IN FACT THE CHIEF CLOWN THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW THIS YET).

THE EFFECT AMID THE GREEN IS VERY SINISTER.

HE POINTS UP AT THE SKY.

SOME OF THE KITES FLUTTER THERE. INSIDE THE CAR A SIMILARLY DRESSED CLOWN IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT PRESSES SOMETHING ON A FRONT CONTROL PANEL.

FROM THE PANEL EMERGES A SHRILL BLEEPING SOUND.

THE KITES MOVE OFF ACROSS THE SKY.

THE BLEEPING CHANGES IN FREQUENCY AS THEY MOVE.

SATISFIED, THE CHIEF CLOWN GIVES A CRUEL SMILE AND SIGNALS TO THE DRIVER TO SWITCH OFF THE CONTROL PANEL.

THE BLEEPING STOPS.

THE CLOWN GETS BACK IN THE CAR AND DRIVE OFF IN THE DIRECTION THE KITES HAVE GONE.

13. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. (AS IN 10).

BELLBOY AND FLOWERCHILD STAND BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. BOTH LOOK GRAVE.

FLOWERCHILD: There's no choice. ~~The kites will keep on tracking us.~~

BELLBOY: ~~know~~ (NODDING) The kites will keep on tracking us.

FLOWERCHILD: One of us must get there.

BELLBOY: And the other one?

FLOWERCHILD SHRUGS UNABLE TO SPEAK. SHE KISSES BELLBOY.

IMPULSIVELY SHE PULLS FROM HER LEFT ARM A BRIGHTLY COLOURED BANGLE DECORATED WITH HIPPI-STYLE DESIGNS. A MATCHING BANGLE REMAINS ON HER RIGHT ARM.

FLOWERCHILD: I want you to have this. ~~Accidently~~

BELLBOY: (MOVED, TAKING IT) ~~Take your time~~ I'll wait here a while. Then take the long route. That should draw them after me.

FLOWERCHILD: No silly risks now.

BELLBOY: ~~her~~ (URGENTLY) Go on.

FLOWERCHILD RELUCTANTLY TURNS AWAY AND STARTS TO WALK UP THE LANE. THEN TO RUN. BELLBOY WATCHES HER GO.

THE SKY IS EMPTY OF KITES.

BELLBOY: (SOFTLY) ~~Don't find her, kites~~ ^{kites} ~~Find me.~~ Come on kites. Find me.

14. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE EATING SOME OF THE DISGUSTING FEAST.
THE STALLSLADY SIT AS BEFORE.

ACE: Yuk ! Do we really have to eat this muck ?

DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Elementary diplomacy, my dear Ace. She apparently thinks we are a pair of undesirable intergalactic hippies. We have to convince her that we are nice, clean-living people who eats lots of fresh fruit and pay our way.

ACE: Paying good money for this muck is daylight robbery. Do I have to finish it ?

DOCTOR: (SLIGHT HINT OF SADISM) Every last bite. After all, we want the charming lady to tell us how to find this Circus, don't we ?

ACE: (MAKING A BRAVE EFFORT TO KEEP ON EATING) Why didn't the Tardis just go straight there?

DOCTOR: (SOURLY) Who knows ? Any number of reasons. For instance, you may perhaps recall that before all this started somebody put the wrong socket into the wrong outlet.

ACE: And who told me to do it ?

TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, THE DOCTOR TURNS TO THE STALLSLADY AND SMILES WINNINGLY.

DOCTOR: Delicious, madam, quite delicious.

THE STALLSLADY LOOKS AT HIM WITH SOME SUSPICION.

ACE: Bet she gets something decent for tea when she gets home.

15. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

NORD HAS NOW LEFT THE LAUNCHING PAD AND IS DRIVING ALONG THE ROAD EATING HIS DISGUSTING SANDWICH WITH ONE HAND. WHEN HE'S HAD ENOUGH, HE CHUCKS THE REST AWAY. AS HE DOES SO HIS BIKE STARTS TO MAKE UNHEALTHY NOISES.

16. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (AS IN 8)

THE HEARSE IS PARKED AT THE SIDE OF THE FIELD WHERE WE FIRST SAW BELLBOY AND FLOWERCHILD.

THE CHIEF CLOWN STANDS OUTSIDE LOOKING UP AT THE SKY. THE OTHER CLOWN IS INSIDE AT THE CONTROL PANEL.

THE KITES STAY OBSTINATELY OVERHEAD GIVING OUT THEIR BLEEPING SOUND.

CHIEF
CLOWN:

We can't have lost them.

THE CHIEF CLOWN STRIDES ANGRILY BACK TO THE HEARSE AND PUNCHES FURIOUSLY AT THE CONTROL PANEL.

HE LOOKS OUT AGAIN.

THE KITES HAVE STARTED TO MOVE AWAY IN THE DIRECTION WE SAW THE REFUGEES TAKE.

THE BLEEPING GROWS FAINTER AS THE KITES MOVE OFF.

THE CLOWN GIVES HIS CRUEL SMILE.

CHIEF
CLOWN:

I thought not.

HE ENTERS THE CAR AND THEY DRIVE OFF AFTER THE KITES.

(20)

17. EXT. THE HIPPI SITE. DAY.

AN EXHAUSTED FLOWERCHILD ARRIVES AT THE EDGE OF A SMALL HILL.
SHE LOOKS DOWN INTO THE HOLLOW BELOW. WE DO NOT SEE WHAT IS
THERE BUT HER FACE LIGHTS UP WITH RELIEF.
THERE ARE NO KITES IN THE SKY.

18. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE, WHO LOOKS RATHER ILL, HAVE FINISHED THEIR FRUIT. SMILING, THE DOCTOR APPROACHES THE STALLSLADY.

STALLSLADY: More ?

DOCTOR: Er no, thank you. It was delicious but extremely filling. I am sure you will have gathered by now, dear lady, that we are not the sort of hobbledehoys and vagabonds you take such exception to. Indeed, as I said before, I am known as the Doctor.

STALLSLADY: (UNMOVED) Some people'll call themselves anything.

DOCTOR: (UNDETERRED) Anyway, be that as it may, we would appreciate your help. We are looking for -

HIS VOICE IS DROWNED BY THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE. IT IS NORD HURTLING DOWN THE LANE TOWARDS THEM.

STALLSLADY: Here comes another one of you.

ACE: Look at that ace ~~motor~~ bike, Professor.

NORD IS ABOUT TO SHOOT PAST WHEN HIS BIKE SPUTTERS AND COMES TO A STOP JUST BEYOND THE STALL. IN A RAGE HE GETS OFF THE BIKE AND GOES TO EXAMINE THE ENGINE.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR CAN STOP HER, ACE HAS RUN UP TO HIM.

ACE: Need a hand ? I reckon it could be a stuck valve.

NORD: (HARD AT WORK) Get lost.

ACE: It's a great bike.

NORD: Clear off. (PAUSE) Or I'll get nasty. Very nasty.

ACE: (SHRUGS) Well, if you don't want to save yourself some time then it's up to you. (PAUSE) Course, it could be ~~a valve~~ ^{a valve} ~~broken~~ ^{broken} spring.

NORD: Scram !!! Or I'll do something horrible to your ears.

ACE: Suit yourself. (AS SHE GOES) And I hope your big end goes.

ACE WITHDRAWS SOME DISTANCE BUT STILL WATCHES NORD WHO IS SLIGHTLY NETTLED BY HER GAZE.

THE STALLSLADY MEANWHILE TURNS TO THE DOCTOR.

STALLSLADY: He'll be going there. They all go there.

DOCTOR: Go where ?

STALLSLADY: The Psychic Circus. All the riff-raff. Infernal Extraterrestials like him. Monopods from Lelex. (PAUSE) Doctors.

DOCTOR: I don't understand. You're saying he's going to the Circus ?

STALLSLADY: Course. Anybody who's up to no good goes there. *We locals wouldn't touch it with a barge pole.*

DOCTOR: Is it far, this appalling spectacle ?

STALLSLADY: Miles and miles. Why do you think he's got that noisy monstrosity polluting the countryside. (PAUSE) Here, you aren't thinking of going there, are you ?

DOCTOR: No, no, the very idea. Just a moment. Excuse me.

HE STARTS MOVING TOWARDS ACE.

DOCTOR: Ace, any chance of a lift do you think ?

ACE: Worth a try. He doesn't look after that bike you know. If he'd let me -

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, Ace, never mind. Let's just concentrate on getting to the Circus shall we ?

THEY START MOVING TOWARDS NORD WHO HAS FINISHED HIS REPAIRS.

DOCTOR: Excuse me, if you're going to the Circus, I wondered if you might give us a lift and -

NORD: (STANDING UP, DWARFING THE DOCTOR) Do you want something really horrible doing to your nose ?

DOCTOR: Not really. It's just that -

NORD: Nobody gets lifts from Nord the Vandal of the Roads.

DOCTOR: If you say so.

ACE: (RUSHING UP) Now listen, pugface, this here is the Doctor and you don't go telling him to -

BUT NORD IS ALREADY UP ON HIS BIKE. NOW HE DEPARTS WITH THE MAXIMUM OF NOISE AND SMOKE.

DOCTOR: We don't seem to be getting very far. Literally.

ACE: (HER EYES ON THE ROAD) I bet he still hasn't fixed that ~~stuck~~ valve properly. *Clap*

A NOISE OF BACKFIRING AHEAD. SHE GRINS CONTENTEDLY.

19. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

BELLBOY IS WALKING OSTENTATIOUSLY THROUGH OPEN COUNTRY.
HE LOOKS UP. THE KITES ARE FOLLOWING.

BELLBOY: (CALLING UP TO THEM) Come on over here. It's me, Bellboy ! That's
who you're looking for isn't it ?

20. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

FLOWERCHILD IS DOWN IN THE HOLLOW NOW. IN IT LIES A BRIGHT YELLOW DOUBLE-DECKER BUS, DECORATED WITH FUTURISTIC PSYCHEDALIA, NOW BROKEN DOWN AND RUSTY WITH ITS BACK WHEELS MISSING.

FLOWERCHILD APPROACHES IT AND REGARDS IT WITH AFFECTION.

ON ITS SIDE ARE PAINTED THE WORDS : The Road is Open and the Rides are Free -

NEXT TO THIS A GROUP OF BRIGHT HIPPIE FIGURES HAVE BEEN PAINTED. THOUGH WEATHER-WORN NOW, ONE OF THE FIGURES IS RECOGNISABLY BELLBOY AND HIS NAME IS WRITTEN BENEATH IT.

FLOWERCHILD TOUCHES THE FIGURE AND SMILES AFFECTIONATELY AS SHE LOOKS AT THE GROUP. HAPPY MEMORIES COME BACK.

THEN SHE GOES TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE BUS, PULLS OPEN THE DOOR OF THE DRIVER'S CABIN AND CLIMBS IN. SHE SEARCHES FRANTICALLY AROUND AND THEN FINDS STACKED AWAY IN A COMPARTMENT A SMALL METAL CHEST DECORATED WITH HIPPIE SYMBOLS. SHE CLIMBS OUT OF THE COMPARTMENT STILL CARRYING THE CHEST.

ONCE OUTSIDE, SHE LAYS IT ON THE GROUND AND STARTS TRYING TO OPEN IT.

SHE IS SO PREOCCUPIED WITH THIS THAT SHE DOES NOT NOTICE A SHADOW LOOMING BEHIND HER. UNTIL SUDDENLY A METALLIC HAND REACHES FORWARD AND GRABS HER THROAT FROM BEHIND.

WE HEAR A METALLIC -SOUNDING VOICE (IT BELONGS TO THE METAL BUS CONDUCTOR THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW THAT YET) :

BUS CONDUCTOR:

VOICE: Hold tight, please.

21. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE WALKING WEARILY ALONG A ROAD.

DOCTOR: There's something not quite right about all this.
ACE: You're telling me. Arriving in a machine that can travel through all of time and space and then having to foot it across miles of countryside to get where we want to go.
DOCTOR: I was thinking of the atmosphere. I told you Segonax used to be known for its remarkably tolerant and easygoing ways.
ACE: Now they bite your head off as soon as look at you.
DOCTOR: Precisely.
ACE: Well, I wouldn't be too chuffed if I kept on getting visitors like Nord the Vandal, I suppose.
DOCTOR: That's true. But then you'd hardly expect a hard case like him to be going to a circus anyway.
ACE: Perhaps he was conned by that teaser. Like I was.
DOCTOR: Something evil has happened here. I can feel it.
ACE: To do with the Circus ?
DOCTOR: (SHRUGS) Who knows ?

SHE STOPS AND POINTS AHEAD.

ACE: Doctor, look !

AHEAD IN A SMALL CLEARING WE SEE TWO FIGURES.

22. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

THE CLEARING IS DEVOID OF GRASS. IN THE MIDDLE OF IT STANDS THE EXPLORER, CAPTAIN COOK, A POMPOUS FIGURE IN A SLIGHTLY WEIRD FORM OF TROPICAL GEAR AND MAGS, A PUNK-LIKE GIRL DRESSED IN FUTURISTIC PUNKISH GEAR WITH ~~SHIRT, CROPPED HAIR AND SOMETHING~~ ^{A MOHICAN HAIR STYLE} ~~THAT I DON'T KNOW~~ ~~THREE DIFFERENT~~. THEIR JEEP HAS BEEN PARKED AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING. ~~STANDARD OLD FASHIONED~~ THEY ARE ~~WORKING~~ WORKING AT THE EXCAVATION OF A LARGE ROBOT WHICH IS BURIED IN THE GROUND. ITS HEAD AND NECK ARE ALREADY EXPOSED AND PERIODICALLY THE ROBOT LETS OUT A PLAINTIVE CRY:

ROBOT: Let me out please...Let me out please...let me out please..

OVER THIS MECHANIC PLAINT, THE CAPTAIN IS IN FULL FLOOD.

CAPTAIN: Of course, on certain planets, Treops for example, sights like this are every day, you learn to take them for granted. I can remember on one of my trips to Neogorgon I came across a whole valley full of electronic dogs' heads submerged in mud. Some sort of primitive burglar alarm system, I suppose, fallen into disuse. I was probably the first person to have visited the valley for several millennia at the very least. So something like this which to the ordinary dull old stop-at-home might seem quite extraordinary is just run-of-the-mill as far as I'm concerned. Still, since you've never -

MAGS, WHO HAS BEEN GETTING RATHER BORED, SUDDENLY ANIMAL-LIKE GETS THE SCENT OF SOMETHING AND CUTS HIM OFF.

MAGS: Captain -

~~BRANDISHES A SHOVEL.~~
~~SHE JULKS WORKING ON HER SHOVEL.~~ BOTH LOOK TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING WHERE ACE AND THE DOCTOR HAVE APPEARED.
 A PAUSE WHILE THE FOUR TAKE EACH OTHER IN. THE DOCTOR SPEAKS FIRST:

DOCTOR: Greetings. I am the Doctor. And this is Ace.

MAGS: (TERSELY, ~~PAPER~~ STILL IN HAND) Mags.

CAPTAIN: And I am Captain Cook, the eminent inter-galactic explorer. You have no doubt heard of me, old man.

ACE AND THE DOCTOR ALL TOO CLEARLY HAVEN'T. THEY BECOME AWARE OF THE ROBOT'S VOICE :

ROBOT: Let me out please....let me out please...

23. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

FLOWERCHILD'S BODY IS BEING DRAGGED AWAY FROM BUS INTO HIDING BY THE BUS CONDUCTOR STILL UNSEEN EXCEPT FOR ITS METALLIC HANDS.

AS HE DRAGS HER AWAY, HOWEVER, THE REMAINING ARM BANGLE DROPS FROM HER ARM.

AND LIES THERE ON THE GROUND NOT FAR FROM THE BUS.

24. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

THE CAPTAIN HAS PRODUCED CAMP STOOLS FROM HIS JEEP. A SMALL TABLE IS COVERED WITH PICNIC THINGS.

MAGS HAS JUST FINISHED POURING EVERYONE CUPS OF TEA. ACE LOOKS THOROUGHLY BORED.

CAPTAIN: (DRINKING) Delicious. My own special blend, of course. I take it everywhere. I bet you'll never guess the blend, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (SIPPING) Well, I could be wrong, of course, but isn't it from the Groz Valley on Melagophon ?

CAPTAIN: (PEEVED) Good, very good, Doctor. (TURNING TO MAGS) Mags, could you get on with the excavation of the head now, please ?

MAGS NODS WEARILY, PICKS UP A SPADE AND STARTS OFF TOWARDS THE HEAD. ACE LEAPS UP EAGERLY.

ACE: (RUNNING AFTER HER) I'll give you a hand.

DOCTOR: (CALLING OUT WARMLY) Just a moment, Ace -

BUT SHE HAS ALREADY JOINED MAGS AND SOON AFTER PICKED UP A SPADE AND STARTED DIGGING. THE CAPTAIN MEANWHILE CARRIES ON TALKING AND THE DOCTOR HAS TO GIVE HIM HIS ATTENTION.

CAPTAIN: Were you ever on Melagophon, Doctor ?

DOCTOR: Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I -

CAPTAIN: The Frozen Pits of Overod are worth seeing, of course, though much over-rated I feel. Alright for the trainee explorer but old hands like myself need something a bit more exotic.

DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) Why come here then ?

CAPTAIN: Sorry ?

DOCTOR: I said, why bother to come here ?

CAPTAIN: Well, I'm told the Psychic Circus is quite an interesting little show, particularly at this time when everybody turns up to compete in the Festival. Beside she - (INDICATING MAGS)- wanted to come.

DOCTOR: You always travel together ?

CAPTAIN: Of late, yes. I found her on the Planet ~~Tharopize~~ (SOTTOVOCE) Between you and me, she's rather an unusual little specimen.

Vulpene

Vulpene

~~Tharopize~~

DOCTOR: Of what ?

CAPTAIN: That would be telling, old man. How about yours ?

DOCTOR: (CURTLY) I don't think of Ace as a specimen of anything. ~~too weird~~
~~to say,~~

HE MOVES OVER TO WHERE SHE'S HARD AT WORK, CLEARLY CONCERNED FOR HER SAFETY. THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS.

CAPTAIN: Keep your shirt on, old man. Everything's a specimen of something.

THEY STAND LOOKING DOWN AS THE GIRLS ARE ENTHUSIASTICALLY REMOVING THE LAST SOIL AROUND THE TOP OF THE ROBOT HEAD, WHICH TALKS INGRATIATINGLY AS THEY WORK:

ROBOT: Oh please let me out...please...please...I'll be ever so grateful if you'll let me out...go on, carry on digging...

CAPTAIN: (OVER THIS) Even this robot head.

ACE: (HARD AT WORK) What do you reckon, Professor ?

DOCTOR: I imagine it was buried for some good reason.

ACE: Yeah. So maybe we'll find what that reason was, Professor.

DOCTOR: Well, what I was wondering was -

BUT HE STOPS SPEAKING FOR THE ROBOT HEAD'S TONE HAS SUDDENLY SWITCHED AND ITS EYES HAVE STARTED FLASHING RED.

ROBOT: Carry on digging...you'll see, I'll show you...I'll get my own back on you all...See these teeth...look...

VICIOUS MECHANICAL TEETH APPEAR TO GROW WITHIN THE ROBOT'S MOUTH AND THEN TO START SNAPPING AWAY. EVERYONE WATCHES TRANSMIXED.

ACE: ~~Weird, really weird~~ Ice hot !

ROBOT: Come on...come here...I'll show you...

THE ROBOT'S ARM SUDDENLY REACHES OUT TO GRAB MAGS. SHE STEPS BACK IN SHOCK AND THE ARM THEN THREATENS ACE. THE EYES BEGIN TO SHOOT OUT LASER-LIKE FLASHES AND THE TEETH TO SNAP.

DOCTOR: Quick ! Out of its reach . Help, Captain !

BUT THE CAPTAIN STANDS FASCINATED AT A SAFE DISTANCE STUDYING THE HEAD.

CAPTAIN: Remarkable, eh, Doctor ? Don't often see one like that, do you ?

DOCTOR: I've seen ones like this quite often enough before, thank you.

HE PULLS BOTH ACE AND MAGS OUT OF RANGE.

THE HAND, HOWEVER, STILL REACHES OUT SEARCHINGLY, AND LASER RAYS STILL SHOOT FROM THE ROBOT'S EYES.

THE DOCTOR STARTS TO FIGHT THE HAND OFF WITH HIS UMBRELLA, DODGING THE RAYS.

MAGS ~~ACE~~ TURNS ~~BACK~~ TO THE CAPTAIN.

MAGS:

~~ACE~~ Do something.

MAGS ACE: I've got it.

SHE PICKS UP A PICKAXE THAT'S BEEN LYING NEARBY THE EXCAVATION AND RUSHES BACK TO WHERE THE DOCTOR IS.

SHE TAKES THE PICKAXE AND BRINGS IT DOWN ON THE ROBOT HEAD. THE ARM STOPS WORKING AND GRADUALLY THE EYES AND TEETH DO TOO, WHILE THE VOICE FADE AWAY TO NOTHING.

ROBOT: I'll get you, I will...I'll get you...I'll... (PAUSE) Alright then. Next time perhaps.

IT STOPS COMPLETELY. THEY ALL LOOK DOWN.

CAPTAIN: Well, well, who'd have thought it ?

THE DOCTOR GIVES HIM A BALEFUL LOOK.

25. EXT. LANDING BASE. DAY.

THE WHIZZKID MATERIALISES ON THE BASE IN EXACTLY THE SAME WAY AS NORD. HE IS BRIGHT EYED, BEPECTACLED, WITH GREASED DOWN HAIR AND LAPELS COVERED IN BADGES.

HE RIDES A SHINY BMX BIKE.

HE LOOKS ROUND WIDE-EYED.

WHIZZKID: Wow !

26. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE WATCH THE CAPTAIN AND MAGS DRIVE AWAY IN THEIR JEEP.

ACE: Bang goes our lift.

DOCTOR: No great loss with that driver, I suspect. Come on.

WITH A MUTUAL EXCHANGE OF SIGNS, THEY START TO WALK OFF DOWN THE ROAD IN THE DIRECTION THE JEEP HAS ALREADY GONE.

27. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, DAY.

THE JEEP DRIVES ALONG.

IT PASSES THE HEARSE GOING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

THE KITES ARE IN THE SKY AHEAD AS THE CLOWNS LOOK OUT.

THE PANEL IN THE HEARSE IS SWITCHED ON AND WE BRIEFLY HEAR THE KITES' BLEEPING SOUNDS.

28. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE TOILING UP THE ROAD.
THE HEARSE COMES WHIZZING ALONG THE ROAD.
THE ROAD IS NARROW AND THE HEARSE SHOWS NO SIGN OF STOPPING.
THE DOCTOR AND ACE HAVE TO THROW THEMSELVES ON TO THE SIDE OF
THE ROAD TO AVOID BEING RUN OVER.
THE HEARSE SPEEDS ON.
ACE AND THE DOCTOR PICKS THEMSELVES UP WEARILY AND DUST DOWN
THEIR CLOTHES.
THE DOCTOR TURNS TO WATCH THE HEARSE SPEED ON.

DOCTOR: They seem in rather a hurry.

29. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

THE STALLSLADY IS STILL AT HER POST. BELLBOY APPEARS WALKING VERY SLOWLY TOWARDS HER FROM THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE DOCTOR AND THE OTHERS HAVE SET OFF PREVIOUSLY. KITES FOLLOW BEHIND HIM.

BELLBOY: Excuse me -

HE FALLS EXHAUSTED. THE STALLSLADY LOOKS DOWN.

STALLSLADY: You can't lie there, you know.

THE HEARSE IS HEARD SPEEDING UP THE ROAD. BELLBOY LIFTS UP HIS HEAD TO SEE IT.

BELLBOY: At last.

BLACK
CLAD
Clowns

THE HEARSE DRAWS UP SWIFTLY AND THE ~~REALLY~~ FIGURES GET OUT. THEY GO TO BELLBOY AND PULL HIM UP ROUGHLY. THE STALLSLADY WATCHES DISPASSIONATELY.

STALLSLADY: Is there no end to you weirdos.

BELLBOY IS BEING PULLED TOWARDS THE HEARSE. THE CHIEF CLOWN SPEAKS :

CHIEF
CLOWN: Where's the girl ?

BELLBOY: She'll have reached there by now.

CHIEF CLOWN: If she has, she'll regret it.

THEY PULL HIM INTO THE HEARSE.

30. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

A FRESHLY DUG MOUND OF EARTH. STUCK INTO THE MOUND A KITE-SHAPED PENNANT WITH THE EYE SYMBOL ON IT.

(A LOCATION HERE THE BUS BUT OUT OF SIGHT OF IT.)

FRONTGROUND, QUITE CRUMPLY DEAD, LIES ON THE GRASS IN A SEAMED PLASTIC BODY BAG WITH AN EYE STICKER ON IT. THE BAG IS OPAQUE EXCEPT FOR A TRANSPARENT PANEL REVEALING THE FACE. WE SEE A LARGE STACK OF SIMILAR, UNNUSED BAGS LYING READY NEARBY.
8 STICKERS

31. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE COME UP THE ROAD AND COME TO THE SAME POINT ON THE BROW OF THE HILL AS FLOWERCHILD DID. THEY STOP AND LOOK DOWN.

ACE: Oh no, I don't believe it.

DOWN IN THE HOLLOW BY THE BUS, CAPTAIN COOK IS HOLDING FORTH TO MAGS. WE FAINTLY HEAR HIM SAYING :

CAPTAIN: Well, of course, if you've been on as many trips as I have, you get to know that these vehicular shrines are ...

ACE LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR QUESTIONINGLY.

DOCTOR: Well, the bus looks interesting.

THEY START OFF DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE HIPPIE SITE.

(39)

32. EXT. CIRCUS SITE. DAY

A CLOWN IS PRACTISING TUMBLING ON A PATCH OF GRASS OVERLOOKING
THE CIRCUS TENT (MODEL SHOT ?)

NORD DRIVES UP ON HIS BIKE AND STOPS TO CALL OUT TO HIM.

NORD: Oi, you - whiteface ! I want the gig at the Psychic Circus.

THE CLOWN SMILINGLY POINTS THE WAY. NORD DRIVES ON.

33. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

THE CAPTAIN, MAGS AND ACE ARE ALL STANDING STUDYING THE BUS. THE DOCTOR STANDS CLOSER TO IT. THE SIGNS AND DRAWINGS ON THE SIDE OF THE BUS HAVE BEEN CRUDELY PAINTED OUT ^{WITH BLACK PAINT} AND HE IS TRYING TO DECIPHER THEM. ~~WE ARE IN THE DARK, THE PAST IS SICKLE~~

CAPTAIN: It's obviously some sort of shrine. I saw one much like this on Dioscuros once.

DOCTOR: (LOOKING UP FROM HIS SEARCH) Shrine or not, I can't help feeling there's something sinister here.

CAPTAIN: I wonder that you manage to explore anything, old chap. Everything seems to alarm you.

DOCTOR: Not everything. But I trust my instincts. (DRILY) You may recall, they're not always wrong.

ACE: (IMPATIENTLY) Oh come on, Professor, let's explore.

SHE RUNS OFF TOWARDS THE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT. MAGS FOLLOWS HER AND THERE IS A TUSSLE AS TO WHO GOES IN FIRST.

CAPTAIN: (SMIRKING) I agree with your young 'friend'. Let's explore.

THE CAPTAIN STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS THE PASSENGER ENTRANCE OF THE BUS. THE DOCTOR, STILL UNEASY, SHRUGS PHILOSOPHICALLY AND DECIDES TO FOLLOW.

THEY ENTER THE BUS, THE CAPTAIN FIRST.

SUDDENLY HE STOPS AND PEERS AHEAD OF HIM IN HORROR. THE MECHANICAL VOICE FLOWERCHILD HEARD COMES FROM UPSTAIRS INSIDE THE BUS.

~~BUS CHRONO 12.~~

VOICE: Anymore fares, please. Anymore fares. Plenty of room on top. No standing inside.

COMING FROM THE UPSTAIRS IS A METAL FACED ROBOT DRESSED IN THE GARB OF A LONDON TRANSPORT TICKET COLLECTOR WITH A TICKET MACHINE ROUND ITS NECK. IT HOLDS OUT THE METALLIC HANDS THAT KILLED FLOWERCHILD THREATENINGLY.

(41)

VOICE: Hold tight, please. Hold tight.

THE DOCTOR AND THE CAPTAIN STARE MESMERISED AS IT APPROACHES.

34. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

THE HEARSE DRIVES SWIFTLY BACK ALONG THE WAY IT CAME.
BELLBOY IS IN THE BACK WITH THE CHIEF CLOWN BY HIS SIDE.
IT TURNS A CORNER AND THERE AHEAD IS THE CIRCUS SITE.
BELLBOY LOOKS AT IT GRIMLY.
THE CHIEF CLOWN SMILES AND REMOVES HIS BLACK HAT MOCKINGLY.

35. EXT. THE HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND THE CAPTAIN RUN FROM THE BUS PURSUED BY THE TICKET CONDUCTOR. THE CONDUCTOR PRESSES ITS TICKET MACHINE. AN EVIL-LOOKING RAY SHOOTS FROM IT PAST THE DOCTOR'S EAR. INSIDE THE DRIVER'S CUBICLE ACE AND MAGS ARE SEARCHING THROUGH THE COMPARTMENTS. ACE HAS JUST FOUND THE ONE IN WHICH THE CHEST WAS. SHE IS PULLING OUT THE METAL CHEST WHEN THEY HEAR THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE :

CAPTAIN: Now, now, old chap, steady on.

THEY RUSH OUT OF THE COMPARTMENT. AS THEY EMERGE, THEY SEE THE CONDUCTOR CLOSING IN ON THE CAPTAIN, WHO HAS TO DODGE THE RAYS ISSUING FROM THE TICKET MACHINE.

1245

~~Captain's~~

~~VOICE~~: Fares please....Hold on tight...Ding ding...

CAPTAIN: You've got it wrong. He's paying the fares not me.

HE POINTS TOWARDS THE DOCTOR. THE CONDUCTOR TRANSFERS HIS ATTENTION TO THE DOCTOR AND THE CAPTAIN BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF. ACE IS FURIOUS.

ACE: He can't do that.

MAGS: He just has.

SHE HOLDS ACE BACK. THE TICKET COLLECTOR IS NOW CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR WHO HOLDS HIS GROUND.

~~Bus conductor's~~

~~VOICE~~: Any more fares... Any more fares...Ding ding.

DOCTOR: Well, yes, I would like a ticket actually. I'd like a there and back, off peak, weekend break, supersaver, senior citizen, bi-monthly season with optional luggage facilities and a free cup of coffee in a plastic cup, and make it snappy, you metallic moron.

THE CONDUCTOR IS STOPPED IN ITS TRACKS AND FREEZES IN BAFFLEMENT. THE DOCTOR SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY.

DOCTOR: If I might take a look at that ticket machine of yours.

EDWARD DE BAPTISTE

(44)

HE REACHES ACROSS AND EXAMINES THE MACHINE.

DOCTOR: Ah yes.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE MACHINE. THE ROBOT PROMPTLY LOOKS DOWN, TURNS THE TICKET MACHINE ROUND AND POINTS THE MACHINE AT ITSELF.

IT OPERATES THE MACHINE. THE RAYS SHOT OUT AND HIT THE CONDUCTOR ^{IN THE FACE.} IT KEELS OVER TOTALLY INOPERATIVE.

DOCTOR: (REGARDING IT) All's fares in love and war.

(45)

36. EXT. CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

BELLBOY IS BUNDLED OUT OF THE HEARSE BY THE TWO CLOWNS
STRUGGLING AS HE GOES.

37. EXT. HIPPIE SITE. DAY.

THE JEEP AGAIN IS DRIVING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE. ACE AND THE DOCTOR ARE WATCHING IT GO.

DOCTOR: Some people can't bear to be proved wrong.
 ACE: ~~He'd have let the ^{tin-head} ~~partisan~~ do you in.~~
 DOCTOR: Let's not bear grudges. He can't help being a pompous, selfish, self-satisfied meddler.
 ACE: Mags might be OK if he wasn't around.
 DOCTOR: Indeed. If a little odd.
 ACE: Hey, look !

SHE HAS SPOTTED FLOWERCHILD'S BANGLE WHICH LIES NEAR THE BUS.
 DR: You like that?

ACE: (PICKING IT UP) ~~That's~~ Yeah.
 DOCTOR: (PACING AROUND THOUGHTFULLY) ~~These~~ Finder's keepers I'd say.
 ACE: Ace ! (AS SHE PUTS IT ON) What do you reckon happened here then, Professor ? Were the people in this bus attacked on their way to the Circus ?
 DOCTOR: Presumably. And whatever attacked them destroyed them ~~completely~~ ~~burned the bus~~ and wrecked their bus.
 ACE: So that evil you felt - was that the bus conductor ?
 DOCTOR: Yes, I think so. Anyway, whoever left him on guard here seems to have gone now. Perhaps they went millennia ago.
 ACE: Nothing to do with the Circus being scary ?
 DOCTOR: I'm afraid I think not. That was all just good publicity.
 ACE: Pity. Might have made it more interesting. (PAUSE) Are we still going there ?
 DOCTOR: Yes. I feel in just the right mood. And, after two brushes with death in one day, I rather hoped you might be.
 ACE: (WITHOUT MUCH ENTHUSIASM) If you say so, Doctor.
 DOCTOR: (IN PLEASED SURPRISE) Doctor, eh ? So you can remember if you want to.
 ACE: (NODDING CHEERFULLY) Seems so, Professor.

THE DOCTOR ROLLS HIS EYES IN DESPAIR.
 THEY START WALKING AWAY FROM THE CLEARING.

38. INT. CIRCUS VESTIBULE. DAY.

THE VESTIBULE IS DECORATED WITH POSTERS ADVERTISING THE CIRCUS IN VARIOUS VENUES AND AGAINST THE WALLS ARE ARRANGED BRIGHTLY COLOURED KITES SIMILAR TO THOSE ALREADY SEEN. IN THE BACKGROUND THE CANNED NOISES OF THE CIRCUS. A TICKET BOOTH WITH A LARGE CRYSTAL BALL PLACED AT THE FRONT OF IT.

ON ONE SIDE OF THE VESTIBULE IS A COVERED ENTRANCE FROM THE SITE. ON THE OTHER ANOTHER COVERED ENTRANCE THAT LEADS INTO A BILLOWING TENT CORRIDOR AND ON INTO THE RING ITSELF.

BELLBOY IS ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE CHIEF CLOWN NOW NO LONGER IN HIS BLACK OUTDOOR CLOTHES BUT WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL SPANGLED COSTUME FULLY REVEALED. THE OTHER CLOWN STANDS GUARD.

BELLBOY IS WHIMPERING.

MORGANA, DRESSED IN A FUTURISTIC KAFTAN AND BEADS, LOOKS ON UNCERTAINLY.

MORGANA: Isn't it enough that we've got him back ?

CHIEF CLOWN: You know it isn't, Morgana. He'll have to be punished.

BELLBOY: Flowerchild... Flowerchild...

CHIEF CLOWN: Poor Bellboy. He still thinks she may have escaped.

MORGANA: Listen, Bellboy, I want to try and explain why we've -

CHIEF CLOWN: Save your breath. (TO THE OTHER CLOWN) Take him into the ring.
He knows what's waiting there.

BELLBOY: Please, no... no...

BELLBOY IS DRAGGED AWAY BY THE ATTENDANT CLOWN. THE OFFSTAGE NOISES GROW IN VOLUME. THE CLOWN SMILES AS HE HEARS IT.

MORGANA LISTENS ANXIOUSLY.

MORGANA: What if a visitor arrives now ?

CHIEF CLOWN: (SHRUGGING) If they come, they come.

(48)

39. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

CAPTAIN COOK AND MAGS DRIVE UP IN THEIR JEEP.
THE CLOWN WAVES. THEY DRIVE ON.

40. EXT. ROADSIDE STALL. DAY.

DOWN THE ROAD COMES THE WHIZZKID ON HIS BMX BIKE.

THE STALLSLADY VISIBLY MELTS AT THE SIGHT.

WHIZZKID: (STOPPING) Hi.

STALLSLADY: Hello, young man. Just arrived from the Landing Port ?

WHIZZKID: That's right.

STALLSLADY: You've no idea what a relief is to see a nice, clean, respectable boy like you after the riff-raff I usually deal with. Can I help you at all ?

WHIZZKID: Yes, please. (PAUSE) Can you tell me the way to the Psychic Circus ?

THE STALLSLADY'S FACE FALLS.

41. INT. CIRCUS VESTIBULE. DAY.

MORGANA IS BACK AT HER TICKET BOOTH CRYSTAL BALL IN FRONT OF HER. SHE IS ALONE. CANNED CROWD NOISES FROM THE RING. THEN SUDDENLY THE CAPTAIN AND MAGS BURST IN THROUGH THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

CAPTAIN: Greetings, my good woman. This is the Psychic Circus, isn't it ?
MORGANA: Yes, that's right.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER FROM THE RING.

CAPTAIN: (LISTENING) Sounds like things are going well. Come on, Mags.
MORGANA: But -
CAPTAIN: But what ?
MORGANA: You can't go in just now. There's a speciality act being rehearsed and -
CAPTAIN: All the better.

HE MOVES TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE RING, FOLLOWED BY MAGS.

MORGANA: You don't understand. You shouldn't -

THE CHIEF CLOWN APPEARS IN THE ENTRANCE.

THE CAPTAIN AND MAGS ARE MOMENTARILY STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS. BUT THE CLOWN SMILES, STEPS ASIDE AND GESTURES THEM THROUGH.

CAPTAIN: Thank you, my good man.

HE AND MAGS GO OFF TOWARDS THE RING FOLLOWED BY THE CLOWN. MORGANA WATCHES THEM GO AND THEN SHRUGS.

42. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE TURN THE CORNER THAT LEADS TO THE CIRCUS.
THE CLOWN IS STILL PRACTISING HIS TUMBLING.

DOCTOR: Not as far as we feared. Look.

THE CLOWN SEES THEM AND GIVES A CHEERY WAVE.

ACE: I still think clowns are creepy.

DOCTOR: Nonsense.

43. INT. THE CIRCUS RING. (AS IN 1.)

THE RINGMASTER IN HIS SPOT RAPPING AS BEFORE.

RINGMASTER: So welcome, folks, I'm so glad you all came
To one big circus with one big famous name.
There's lots of surprises you can take it from me.
At the Greatest Show in the Galaxy.

WE NOW SEE BELLBOY GUARDED BY CLOWNS IN ~~ANOTHER~~ SPOT. IN ~~ANOTHER~~
SET THE SMILING RINGMASTER LOOKS ACROSS AT HIM MOCKINGLY.
THE CAMERA REMAINS TIGHT, MOVING BETWEEN THESE FIGURES.
BUT WE HEAR THE RECORDED ROAR OF THE CROWD.
THE RINGMASTER IS RAPPING AS BEFORE.

44. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THE CIRCUS TENT.
ACE IS STILL NOT LOOKING VERY ENTHUSIASTIC.
THE DOCTOR SHRUGS AND STARTS TO WALK DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS
THE TENT.
ACE FOLLOWS AFTER.

45. INT. THE BIG TENT. SEATING.

MAGS AND THE CAPTAIN ENTER THE TENT..

THEY STAND AT THE ENTRANCE AMONG THE SEATING LOOKING TOWARDS THE RING EXPECTANTLY.

WE HEAR A DRUMROLL.

46. INT. THE RING. (CONTINUOUS)

THE RINGMASTER MAKES A GESTURE TOWARDS BELLBOY AS THE DRUMROLL CONTINUES.

THE CLOWNS FORCE HIM TO HIS KNEES.

WE CUT SWIFTLY BACK TO :

47. INT. THE BIG TENT. SEATING.

MAGS AND THE CAPTAIN WATCHING.

BELLBOY STARTS TO SCREAM AS IF IN PAIN. THE CRACKLE OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY BEING RELEASED. ~~FLASHES OF BLUE LIGHTS ILLUMINATING MAGS AND THE CAPTAIN.~~
WE MOVE IN ON MAGS' FACE AND STAY THERE AS SHE WATCHES.

BELLBOY'S SCREAMING TAILS OFF INTO A WHIMPER.

MAGS CONTINUES TO STARE AND HER COMPOSURE STARTS TO CRACK.

WE STAY ON HER FACE.

LOUD DISTORTED CANNED LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE START UP.

MAGS STARTS TO SCREAM HERSELF.

THE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE GETS LOUDER.

48. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE APPROACHING THE TENT.
THE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE COMES DISTANTLY FROM THE TENT.
AND FAINTLY ABOVE THAT, THE SCREAMING.

DOCTOR: Listen ! They're all having a good time in there.
ACE: (STOPPING) Don't you hear it ?
DOCTOR: Hear what ?
ACE: That screaming .

THE DOCTOR STRAINS HIS EARS TO HEAR IT.

49. INT. THE CIRCUS RING.

THE CANNED LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE CONTINUES.

MAGS IS DESPERATELY SCREAMING. ~~TAKES OUT A REMOTE CONTROL,~~

~~THE RINGMASTER STILL IN HIS SPOT MAKES A GESTURE,
POINTS IT AT MAGS AND PRESSES A BUTTON ON IT.
A MECHANICAL WHIRR OF A MACHINE BEING SWITCHED ON.~~

MAGS CONTINUES TO SCREAM BUT NO SOUND COMES OUT.

THE CANNED LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE, HOWEVER, CONTINUE.

50. EXT. THE CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL LISTENING. BUT THE SCREAMING IS NO LONGER AUDIBLE.

DOCTOR: I can't hear anything.

ACE: I was sure of it.

DOCTOR: I think you're just making excuses because you don't like circuses.

ACE: No, no, it's not that.

THE DOCTOR STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS THE TENT. ACE REMAINS WHERE SHE IS, STILL TRYING TO HEAR THE SCREAMING.

(60)

51. INT. CIRCUS RING.

MAGS STILL SCREAMING SILENTLY.

(61)

52. EXT. CIRCUS SITE. DAY.

ALMOST AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TENT, THE DOCTOR TURNS BACK TO ACE.

DOCTOR: Well, are we going in or aren't we ?

ACE STANDS STILL UNDECIDED.

AND FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE CIRCUS, THE CHIEF CLOWN APPEARS WITH A WELCOMING SMILE ON HIS FACE BECKONING THEM IN.

END OF EPISODE ONE